The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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A REFUGE FROM THE HEAT.

O God, unseen, but ever near,
Our blessed rest art thou;
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with thee now.
All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way,
We seek thy shelter from the heat
And burden of life's day.

Oh, welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of thy love!
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above!
Awhile beside the fount we stay,
And eat this bread of thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

BE MISSIONARIES.

We all ought to be missionaries. The most interesting thing that any human being can say to another is to bear testimony, out of a sincere heart, to the presence of God with his children, to God's infinite, inexhaustible love, to the power which is in us all of being made better than we are, the capacity of coming at once into the relation of sons to God, brothers to mankind. That man, a child of time, weak, finite, imperfect, is yet the child of eternity, the heir of the ages, able to enter at once into communion with heaven,—this is the gospel, the good news, which every human being needs to hear, is glad to hear, and is made better by hearing.

All men need religion, no matter how little they may seem to care for it. Rough, hard men have a soft place in their hearts if you can only reach it. Women of the world, who seem to live only for fashion, are really starving for some real life in the midst of their frivolous days. They know they are, but do not know how to say so. Those people who are believed to be infidels, and think themselves so, need God just as much as any others. Living only by intellectual formulas, led only by negatives, they are inwardly hungering and thirsting for some sight of spiritual realities. No one is contented while feeding on husks.

Let us have faith, then, that in all men there is this latent need, this hidden want of the heart, this unsatisfied aspiration, this solemn whisper of conscience, never to be silenced, and we shall have courage to be missionaries of God to every one needing brotherly sympathy and help. We shall not trouble ourselves about what to say: "it will be given us in that hour what we ought to say, and what we ought to speak." All the preparation necessary is to have in our hearts this prayer to God, "Dear Lord, if I meet to-day any of thy children who need thee, give me the right word to speak and the right spirit in which to speak it." That prayer is short, but I think it will be enough.

At first it seems to most of us a difficult thing to speak to another about his soul. We have not been used to it, and it looks like interfering with what is no concern of ours. You will not, of course, suppose that I mean to recommend you to adopt the crude methods of the revivals,—to ask people "if they have found Jesus," or "whether they

have had a change of heart." There is a better way. It is to speak simply and naturally, when an occasion arises, of one's own needs, of one's own faith or doubt, of one's own trials and helps, not obtrusively, but when it is natural so to do. If we desire to use any occasion which comes, we shall often find the opportunity. We need not seek it, but only wait for it, and be prepared for it, by asking God to give us the power of saying something, if only one little word, which may help some brother to bear his burden more easily.

We never know the value and the joy of our own faith till we teach it to others. We need not think of our own souls or of our own moral culture. While we are giving, if only a cup of cold water, to one of Christ's little ones, in his name, our own souls will be at the same time blessed and refreshed. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Let every one be a missionary, seeking those in the highways of worldly life and in the obscure hedges of poverty and suffering. Let us remember that no one liveth to himself and that no one dieth to himself. When we help others, we are helped ourselves. The best education of soul and spirit is that which we obtain by going to seek and to save those who are lost,—lost in this sense, I mean, that they have lost their way, lost their faith, lost their courage, lost their trust in God and their confidence in man.

If you are ever able to help a single soul in this condition to a new vision of the Infinite Tenderness, what a blessing comes back to yourself! Then you realize in the best sense the truth, "Give, and it shall be given you." Out of a poor and empty heart you try to give some loving and hopeful encouragement to another, and, lo! your own faith instantly becomes more strong, a new light comes into your soul, and, because you were not disobedient to the heavenly monitor, you find the heavens opened to yourself.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

How infinite and sweet, thou everywhere
  And all-abounding love, thy service is!
Thou liest an ocean round my world of care,
My petty every day, and fresh and fair
  Pour thy strong tides through all my crevices,
Until the silence ripples into prayer.

The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see
  Only the glancing needle which they hold;
But all my life is blossoming inwardly,
And every breath is like a litany,
  While through each labor, like a thread of gold
Is woven the sweet consciousness of Thee.
—From "The Day's Message."

THANKSGIVING, SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

To thee, O loving Father, I come to bring my offering of thankfulness for thy wonderful gifts which have made my life so rich. It is a joy to speak of thy goodness and to show forth thy praise. And this power to thank thee, this knowledge of thee as the source of all good and blessing, is itself one of the greatest of thy mercies, for which I can never sufficiently thank thee.

I bless thee, Lord, for the dear joy of knowing that thou art indeed a Father, blessing and caring for each one of thy children. I pray that I may never cease to feel this sacred tie of love that binds my soul to thee,—love that in thee is infinite in its perfection; love that in my frail and weak heart is infinite in its hopes and aspirations and its capacities for an ever-deepening and widening life. In the bond of such a love thou art with me in my home, in my worship, in my daily work. Thy love is in the love of my dear ones, in the brotherly claims of a wider human fellowship. Thy love is in the pity and compassion that make my heart bleed for the bitter sorrows of the world; that make me, at least in some sad earnest hours, long and seek to lighten the burden of the sufferings that I am pained to see.

In all, O Father, it is thy love which is the living fountain of joy, the inspiration of my prayer, the source of all my hope. And, when I ask my heart what offering of gratitude I can bring to thee for all thy mercies, I know that thou desirest but the gift which is itself a joy to bring,—the gift of filial love and the service which that love inspires.

Deepen, O Lord, the hidden spring of a true devotion to thee. Open my eyes to see the tokens of thy presence everywhere. Make my weak heart strong in the might of thy indwelling spirit. Ennoble my poor, imperfect work with the desire and purpose of doing it for thee. And, oh, amidst the changing lights on the gathering shadows of this world, may the clear radiance of thy truth and thy love shine on in my soul with increasing brightness, as I draw nearer to its heavenly source and walk more closely with thee.

Bless me, O my Father; guide me and

keep me, and make me thine, now and evermore.—"*Alone to the Alone.*" *Compiled by Frances Power Cobbe.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

OFFERS.

Miss E. S. Tilden, White Street, Milton, Mass., offers architectural magazines and art periodicals.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Joseph Metcalf, Eagle Pass, Texas, asks for the following books, to be used in teaching poor children: geography, Maury's or other, with maps; grammar, English, simple, but full; any work on botany; arithmetic, fairly advanced.

2. Mrs. M. E. Oades, 420 3d Street, Olympia, Washington, would like "Grant's Memoirs," for school use for her daughters.

3. Mrs. Eva McCabe, Reck, Indian Territory, will be glad to receive a book of dialogues or poems.

4. Mrs. E. A. Clark, Levant, Maine, wishes to obtain anything which teaches drawing or painting, for one who has a natural talent, but no books or any one to teach him.

5. Mrs. Minnie L. Gest, Morrow, Ohio, writes: "Perhaps some member has 'Villette' and a 'Life of Charlotte Brontë' at her disposal. I have read Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life of Charlotte Brontë,' but could read it again and again if I had it of my own. I wonder if it would be possible for any one to send me Clement K. Shorter's 'Charlotte Brontë.' The reading sent me this winter has given pleasure and benefit. I cannot express my gratitude."

6. Mrs. Turah Corrie, Sadorus, Illinois, asks for an advanced geography and grammar and a dictionary.

Reading matter for Panama should be sent as follows:—

Director of Hospitals, Ancon, Canal Zone (for Ancon Hospital and Taboga Sanitarium); Superintendent Colon Hospital, Colon, Canal Zone; Culebra Hospital, Culebra, Canal Zone; Gorgona Hospital, Gorgona, Canal Zone; Empire Hospital, Empire, Canal Zone; Miraflores Hospital, Miraflores, Canal Zone.

Taboga Sanitarium is a convalescent hospital, almost exclusively for Americans. Packages should be marked, "Reading Matter for Hospitals," and sent to Panama Railroad Company, Pier 57, North River, New York City," and charges to New York prepaid. The Panama Railroad Company will forward to the Isthmus free of further charge.

The editor has a correspondent who would like to receive a copy of the "Dumb Animals" and "Our Four-footed Friends." For his address, write to Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

MANNERS OF SOME COLLEGE BOYS.

At a certain beautiful country home there were nine young people in the house, five girls and four boys, two of the girls and one of the boys being children of the house. All the girls were Radcliffe girls, and all the boys college boys, except one, who was in business in New York. The son of the house had invited the boys, in an offhand way, under the impression that they were to come successively. As it happened, they all turned up at the same time, and an excellent opportunity was afforded to study the college boy on his travels.

The first one, a Cornell student, arrived without a word of warning. The son had driven to the village, some miles distant, for the mail. At the office he found a postal card, without date or signature, saying, "Will be in on the 6.15 train." He didn't know which of his friends it was, but he surmised that some one was to be met at that train. So he waited and met him. Meanwhile supper waited for him at home. Everybody got hungry, and the maids were very much inconvenienced, but, expecting him every moment, they put off the meal. When the two boys finally drove in, the guest was shown to his room, and a gentle hint was given him that it was very late,—the supper had already waited for nearly an hour,—and that they would be very glad if he would come as quickly as possible.

He did not come down for an unconscionably long time,—not, in fact, until every one in the house was nearly starved, and the maids

were in that state of mind dreaded by every housewife. Afterward it was found that Cornell had brought twenty photographs of one young woman with him, and that he had been employing the time in arranging them to his satisfaction.

The Yale boy arrived in exactly the same fashion. The son drove to town another evening, did not return, and the father said: "We'd better eat on time. Probably he will bring back another boy with him." He spoke in joke, but it proved the exact truth. Yale had also sent a postal card to announce his arrival by the 6.15 train. When he came in, he had nothing with him but an umbrella. His trunk was lost, and he had to dress for his first appearance in the son's clothes. He stopped to make an elaborate toilet, which also made his first meal in the house very late, and caused more righteous indignation in the bosoms of the maids.

When his trunk finally arrived, he went to the lady of the house and asked if he could get some washing done. He was "strapped," he said,—so much in need of clean clothes that he could not wait for the laundry.

He was entirely unconscious that his tennis suit was of fine white flannel, over which any ordinary laundress would come to grief, and that the mistress of the house washed it herself. So unconscious was he of what he had asked that he came back in two hours to ask if it were ready for him. And yet he was one of the sweetest, politest boys in the world,—one of the kind that would never sit down when a woman was standing. But, when it came to anything practical, he seemed to have no conception of the trouble he was giving, and yet he had been in Yale College two years.

Now, the third man arrived upon the scene,—the young fellow who had been in business for two or three years in New York. But before he came arrived a letter. The letter stated that his vacation had been granted him unexpectedly, and that he would take advantage of his invitation now, if it were perfectly convenient to the mistress of the house. He enclosed twenty-five cents for a telegram, and said that he would not start unless he received a message stating that it was convenient to have him at this time.

The telegram was sent, he was expected, and no trouble was caused by his arrival. He was ready for supper five minutes after he got inside the house. He had all his impedimenta in hand, not a garment had to be borrowed or washed.

Contrast in their Rooms.

The rooms of these three men throughout the visit presented an instructive contrast. Yale never hung up anything, even upon a chair. The floor was good enough for him upon any and all occasions. It was physically impossible to keep his room in order. Half an hour after it was arranged, it was again a scene of frightful disorder. As for Cornell, there was one shade less disorder in his room, that was all. But, as for the business boy, the only signs that his room had been occupied were the unavoidable ones of the bed and washstand. Not a garment of his had to be picked up during his stay.

The Yale boy's departure was as interesting as his arrival. He set the date three times, and each time postponed it because of fresh invitations for social functions. Of course, he was welcome to stay. He was an old friend of the family, every one liked him, means were ample. But an expected departure, put off three times, is bound to inconvenience household arrangements. The night before he left, the young people came home at twelve o'clock from a party. At that hour of the night his trunk was brought in from the barn, and he began to pack for his departure the next morning. The first thing he discovered was that he had lost his keys. They were not to be found, so all the dress suit cases of the family were pressed into service and packed with his clothes. When he finally drove off next morning, accompanied by the empty trunk, the family suit cases, and his bunch of golf sticks, he managed to forget his umbrella, so that the only thing he brought with him he left behind.

And, although he was a delightful, popular boy, whom no one could help liking, the household heaved a sigh of relief when he was really gone.

Cornell got away in much the same manner, though with a shade more dignity. The three visiting girls announced that, not to follow the example of their Yale friend, they were going to pack. So they packed industriously all one afternoon, and yet for days after, shoes, fans, portions of bathing suits, and so on, kept turning up to remind the family of the departed ones.

But no one knew when the young business man packed. He departed at the moment when he said he would. He left nothing behind him. He was the ideal guest. Perhaps he was not born. Perhaps he was only made by a few years in the big world of business. At any rate, his visit was pro-

nounced an unalloyed pleasure, with no deprecatory "ifs" or "buts."

And yet I do think that reasonable latitude should be given guests. When a too rigid conformance to the rules of the household is demanded, a visit is apt to assume the aspect of a sojourn in prison. I had an aunt once upon a time who was so particular that every one should come to meals the moment the bell rang, that I always went to sleep in terror that I would not wake in time for breakfast. The moral responsibility of being at meals on time weighed heavily on that household; and, although she was the soul of hospitality and loved to entertain, visits to her house came to be dreaded.

When friends come in unexpectedly at or near meal-time, it is true hospitality to offer them what we have without apologies, without ceremony. What is good enough for the family is good enough for the unexpected guest. I know a woman who uses red or blue denim tablecloths for breakfast or luncheon. If a guest comes unexpectedly she will move heaven and earth to get this off and get on a white linen tablecloth. Why should she? That is not hospitality. It is ostentation, false pride. I know there are times when we entertain formally, with the best and most expensive at our command, but that is not hospitality. That is entertaining,—a formal function,—when the guests expect the finest at our disposal. In our hurried lives we might meet oftener and keep up our friendships better if we were willing to invite a friend to our tables with exactly what we have there for the family, because we all have to stop to eat somewhere, and we could talk while we eat.—*Mrs. Franklin W. Hooper, in New York Tribune.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

HOW PLANTS MOVE, CLIMB, AND TAKE POSITIONS.

1. Two plants—one of them common in cultivation, and the other rarer, but almost as easy to raise—are looked upon as vegetable wonders; namely, the Sensitive Plant and *Desmodium gyrans*. They are striking examples of

2. *Plants that move their leaves freely and rapidly. In the well-known Sensitive Plant* (*Mimosa pudica*) the foliage quickly changes its position when touched, appearing to shrink away from the hand. It makes three movements. First, the numerous leaflets close in pairs, bringing their upper faces together and also inclining forward. Then the four branches of the leaf stalk, which were outspread like the rays of a fan, approach each other. At the same time the main leaf stalk turns downward, bending at its joint with the stem. So the leaf (for it is all one compound leaf) closes and seemingly collapses at the touch. In a short time, if left to itself, it slowly recovers the former outspreading position.

3. The second plant, *Desmodium gyrans* (we have no common name for it), also belongs to the great Pulse Family, and flourishes in warm climates. It inhabits the warmer parts of India, but is easy to cultivate in a hothouse, or even in an open garden during the heat of summer. The leaves are of only three leaflets, a large one at the end of the leaf stalk, accompanied by a pair of small leaflets, one on each side. The end leaflet usually moves too slowly to be seen, and only as light is given or withdrawn. We have seen it move rather briskly, however, upon one occasion. The side leaflets are active enough. Under the temperature of a sultry summer's day they may be seen to rise and fall by a succession of jerking movements, not unlike those of the second hand of a clock, but without much regularity, now stopping for some time, then moving briskly, always resting for a while in some part of their course, commonly at the highest and lowest points, and starting again without apparent cause, seemingly of their own will. The movement is not simply up and down, but the end of the moving leaflet sweeps more or less of a circuit. It is not set in motion by a touch, but begins, goes on, or stops of itself.

4. Whether these movements are of any use to these plants is more than we can tell, nor do we very well know how they are effected. However done, it is clear that the *leaves move by their own act*, in the one case responding to a touch, in the other independently, or, as we say, spontaneously.

5. Now, truly wonderful as these plants are, there is nothing really peculiar about them. By which is meant, not merely that some other plants are known to move as freely, though perhaps less rapidly, but that many ordinary plants perform similar movements in one or both of these ways, and that all plants possess similar faculties. The hour hand of the clock moves as really as the minute hand and the second hand, although the motion of the latter only is

discerned by the eye. Lifeless things may be moved or acted on. Living beings move and act, plants less conspicuously, but no less really than animals. In sharing the mysterious gift of life, they share some of its simpler powers.

6. *The sleep of plants*, as Linnæus fancifully termed it,—that is, the different position which leaves and leaflets take at nightfall,—is a familiar case of free movement, only the motion is too slow to be seen by the eye. The Sensitive Plant is a good instance of this. Its leaves slowly assume the same posture at or before sunset that they rapidly do when disturbed by a touch or jar, and they remain so until the light of morning. Most other plants of the Pulse Family (the locusts, for instance), and many of other families, take a very different position by night from that of day. The end leaflet of *Desmodium gyrans* hangs down as soon as the light of day begins to wane, but rises and turns its upper face to the sun again in the morning.

7. *The turning of green shoots to the light*, which we observe when house plants are kept in our windows, and the turning of the upper face of most leaves toward the lighted side, are similar cases of slow movement or bending. Many persons suppose that the green shoot *grows* toward the light, whereas it only *bends* toward it. One has only to notice the behavior of the slender stemlet of a seedling radish, or of any similar plant, when set in a window, and see it bending toward the lighted side, in a few minutes, before it has had time to grow perceptibly, to be convinced that the growth and the bending are different acts.

8. *The contrary directions of stem and root*, when springing from the seed, are of this kind. Note how one end of the embryo plantlet rises out of the soil and into the light, and, if need be, turns quite round to do so, while the other turns from the light and strikes deeper into the ground. This shows that it is the plant itself which acts in taking these directions, and that these positions are the result of real movements, however slow. "*How Plants Behave*," *Asa Gray*.

(*To be continued.*)

ARCHBISHOP BENSON.

HIS LOVE FOR ANIMALS.

"The Life of Archbishop Benson" is an exceedingly interesting book We wish we could give more of it, but have chosen some anecdotes of his feeling for animals and plants. The book is written by his son, who records most of these incidents. He says:—

"To minds of a more material tendency such reverence as he had for plants and animals seemed even ludicrously disproportioned. As children we thought him unnecessarily severe to the childish carelessness of striking off young leaves and shoots from the hedges. 'It is breaking the third commandment,' he once said to a friend. And he appeared to show an unreasonable vexation with little fingers that spoiled, by touching them, the tender, crumpled ends of the fern leaves. His horror of a holocaust of birds for the sake of ornamental feathers, his attention to the needs of a dog, or his wonder and admiration of its half-grown intelligence, seemed disproportionate to those who consider animals as playthings and the beauties of plants as an object of relaxed attention. He thought of nature and the world of sentient creatures with something less of intimacy than many professed nature-lovers, little of ownership, and with far greater reverence. Animals, birds, plants, were naturally dear to him in themselves, dearer still in their mystery and beauty as the creation of God.

"At Christmas time there were always delightful gatherings of the inner circle of relations. Outside there were grand times while snow and ice lasted. The horses and old Watch, the favorite collie, were quite regarded as belonging to the inner circle; and the swans on the pond came in for personal attention from the archbishop, who always carried them bread from the luncheon table on Sunday afternoons.

"He was often accompanied to church by Watch, who had a place in a pew in the transept, and whose claws we could sometimes hear, pattering in the aisle, if he found his accustomed seat draughty or felt impelled to change it. Watch had also a special place under a window in the chapel, which he always attended, as well as the eight o'clock matins, and a special rug of his own. It was at Truro that the two adventures of Watch occurred that gave my father such delight. My father was reading the lesson, which was the thirteenth chapter of Mark, in which the word 'watch' occurs several times. The dog, who had been slumbering peacefully, became very restless, and, as the bishop * ended with the words, 'What I say unto you, I say unto all, WATCH,' in a very imperious

* At this time he was Bishop of Truro.

voice, there followed a great scuffling and scratching, and Watch emerged hastily from his place and proceeded to the door of my father's stall. The other occasion was on the evening of an ordination, when some twelve candidates were staying in the house. Watch seeing so many grown, sensible men about, when Compline had just begun, took the opportunity to go and rout in the bit-basket, and, selecting a crumpled envelope, he offered it to each in turn, to be thrown for him. Then, failing to attract attention, he put it down in the middle of the room, looked piteously at my father, and wagged his tail.

"The fact that a lady possessed a cloak composed entirely of feathers culled from the breasts of humming birds was mentioned in his presence. He gave vent to his indignation in no measured tone. To tease him some one pretended to approve the practice of wearing aigrettes, saying that there were so many old sins, it was a pity to invent a new one. The artifice was successful,—he flamed. 'A new sin! It is the old and heinous one of murder. A man who can pluck the aigrette from a living bird would kill a babe in its mother's arms.'"

Mrs. Benson writes:—

"His fondness for birds grew with years. He was never tired of watching the ways of some flycatchers which haunted the string course just outside his window at Addington; and he would tell me almost every morning the fresh things he had noticed.

"His relation to all animals was very remarkable. He was filled with such a sense of their mystery. He used to look into the beautiful eyes of our old collie, Watch, and say, 'Oh, Watch, I wish you would tell me *what you are*.' A pet parrot of mine which I had tamed used to stir his wonder. It was a fierce bird, but quite under control, and I seldom missed a morning taking him into the study. My husband would always tempt him onto his finger, and wave him gently about, singing to him as if he were a baby.

"He had such reverence for the mystery of the animal creation and their dumb relation to us,—the extraordinary powers they have, and the equally strange and sudden limitations which block their way. When this same Watch died, my husband had him buried on a lovely grass slope in the garden, under a cedar, and he put up a little stone with the epitaph, 'Esne Vigil?' to express both the mystery which was so constantly in his mind, the impossibility of thinking that such love and such intelligence could perish at death,—'Art thou, Watch?' 'Dost thou exist, still?'—and also that the motto should bear a touch of reminder to whoever read it, 'Thou, art thou watchful?'"

The following extracts are from the archbishop's diaries:—

"*May 4th*, 1883.—The most touching picture I have ever seen bears on the mysteries of animal life and feeling. The collie putting its paw on the knee of the dying child and *looking*—if it is looking—just as my Watch looks at a mystery which moves his feelings. Something or other, whatever it may be, passes out by a dog's eyes, not merely is taken into them. The human eye is not used thus, because we have speech.

"*August 21st*, 1888.—Coming away with Nellie from the workhouse at Croydon yesterday, down a little rough irregular street, into the London road, Braemore stumbled and fell on her knees on the sharp loose stones. She twice plunged forward in the attempt to rise, and then did rise most gallantly and stood, frightfully injured. We scarce could get her a few yards to a stable court, and the veterinary thinks the poor creature must be destroyed. She saved Nellie from being killed, or dreadfully hurt, by lifting herself up in such torture. Nellie would have gone on her head if she had not. How full nature is of these perfect sacrifices! Her instinct was to stand up on her feet with her mistress on her back, whereas it would have been easier for her just to roll down and lie over if obedient habit had not forced her effort out of her—and she will have to be shot for her dutifulness. 'Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas'* and no one will persuade me that Braemore comes to an end there.

"*Saturday*.—Heard that poor Braemore would not be even healed of her wounds for three months and would then be "life lame" and must be destroyed. Alas! useful, honest life of service and swift duty,—then three days of agony begun with saving her mistress's life—then sudden death! Surely brutes must find something in the grave—*some* reward.

April 21st, 1892.—Ordered dear Watch's tombstone. He was born about December, 1873, came to us at the Chancery at three months old, and died on the 10th instant. His coat bright and beautiful to the last. I remember perfectly well the impression made on me when I first noticed the deep sincerity

* "He is happy who understands the reasons of things."

and tenderness of his eyes. And it is characteristic of him that the voice of love woke him to life when nothing else did. I have ordered for his grave on the lawn here a stone with the words 'Esne Vigil?' to remind us to watch,—and, though vainly, to ask *him* if he lives yet."

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, 25th April, 1838.

My dear James,—With delight we received the *Messenger* last evening and swallowed it whole, almost, in our eagerness; and now I must tell you what anxious concern your friends have manifested about it. I was in Boston last week and every one of your friends that I saw exclaimed with anxiety-painted faces "The *Messenger?*" "I hope" —"I fear"—"How is it?" etc. The truth was, that last loud shriek for assistance that you sent forth still rang in their ears; and, as it did not arrive last month, they concluded that all was over. Three times I have seen Dr. Channing, and each time it was, "Have you heard from your brother?" "And how is it with his *Messenger?*" uttered in the most serious and tender tones of inquiry. Robert Waterston, too, was filled with grief and sympathy, and the Haywards (new subscribers) were quite disappointed, as they had just paid for it and had had nothing to read but the two old ones that Munroe bestowed upon them in it. They wanted it from the beginning of the year.

This seems an excellent number. I like ——'s article very much. I should have known it for his by the phrase "squeaking explanations," as well as by other things more worthy of notice in it. Also I think your "Essay on Miracles" excellent, and all your articles. ——'s I cannot say so much for. It does appear to me that he defends the atrocities of St. Louis and Alton a little too much. Your poetry to E. I admire, more especially the second stanza and the last—and the intermediate ones, too. If I have a fault to find, it is with that custom of quoting poetry —as exemplified in the first stanza—and in your lines on the Ohio River. But I am no critic, as you know. The beauties strike me and the faults escape me. The beauties of this little poem, I think, are that it is full meaning; that it is melodious and flowing in a natural current of thought; that it has fair and expressive imagery freshly gathered from Nature's treasury; and that to those who know E. there is a great beauty in the truth of the description.

I have been reading with the greatest pleasure the "Twice-told Tales" of Hawthorne. They are as exquisitely wrought out as Washington Irving's stories, if I am any judge, and of a far higher character as to substance. They are parables with a spiritually discerned moral shining through each. If I can buy a copy, I shall send it to you; but I fear I cannot.

I am trying to write, but mother and Sam are so entertaining that I do not get on at all. By the way, there are two or three pieces of news. First, that Sam has bought a drug mill at Milton and is going to grind out a small competency forthwith, solacing himself at intervals with a little gardening; and, when he has acquired said competency, he means to expend it in a farm in Illinois and live a life of rational enjoyment.

Second, that Elizabeth Peabody and her brother Nathaniel, who has been keeping school in Bangor have opened a school at the Hunnewell House at Newton Corner, and Tom is going to their school: it begins to-morrow.

Have you received the controversy between Mr. Palfrey and Mr. Bancroft? It seems to me very droll, particularly where Mr. P. erased the allusion to Gen. Jackson as in *bad taste*. It seems it is bad taste to recognize the ex-President's existence, even historically, in the *North American*. The Dean seems rather in the wrong, though Mr. —— tries to uphold him and condemn Mr. B. for being vexed at finding himself in so false a position as that of his own trumpeter, and uttering "extravagant commendation" of his own performances from one end of the Union to the other.

I hope you have written to Mr. Alcott, for I hear he says that, if he is asked to go to Louisville, he will go—without his family—to try it.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

A MORNING WALK.

A boy whose name was (1. A city in Australia) went for a walk one morning with his cousin (2. A lake in Switzerland). First they went through the large garden which covered about an (3. City in Palestine). At the gate they met two neighbors, a boy named (4. A river in New England), and his sister (5. One of the United States). As they were crossing a meadow, they met two girls named (6. A city in Italy) and (7. A city in Australia), and a boy named (8. Two mountains in Massachusetts). A large (9. Island and cape in the Bay of Fundy) ran toward them, which frightened the girls very much. One of them opened her umbrella suddenly, and the terrified animal ran away. "How brave you are, Miss (10. Town in Pennsylvania)," said one of the girls. "I never would have dared do that." As it was still early in (11. Cape on the Atlantic coast), Miss (12. City in Alabama) had on her (13. Sea in Europe, valley in Persia) coat, which was trimmed with (14. A cape in the North Atlantic). Another girl had on a (15. Island off the coast of England) which she knit herself out of (16. Sea in the Arctic Ocean) and (17. Sea in Europe, country of Germany). "Let us go into (18. Town in New Brunswick) Church," said one of the boys. "I was there on (19. City in Newfoundland) Day, and there are some fine windows. There is one with a picture of (20. Town in Quebec), another of (21. City in New Brunswick), and one of an (22. City in Russia), with a (23. Watering place in New Brunswick) cross over his head. I could not understand why." When they had seen the church, they went into a (24. Town in Massachusetts) and sat down to eat some (25. Islands in the Pacific Ocean), which one of the girls had in her satchel. "This (26. City in Asia) gave me," she said, "on my birthday." They hardly needed a lunch, for they had all eaten hearty breakfasts. The boy (27. A city in Cape Breton Island) had despatched a large (28. A city in Germany) and a quantity of (29. City in Pennsylvania) oats. The others had eaten (30. A river and cape in New Brunswick) and (31. A town in New York) potatoes. They were very (32. Islands in the Pacific) and sociable. The boys discussed politics, and the girls (33. Islands in the Pacific), though, of course, they were not yet in either. "(34. City in Palestine)," cried one of the boys. "I hear mother blowing the (35. Cape in South America) for dinner. We must (36. Cape on the Atlantic Coast) home." His mother invited the whole party to dinner. They had roast beef with (37. County in England) pudding, boiled (38. River in New Brunswick) with (39. Range of mountains in New England) sauce, (40. Another range of mountains in New England) peas, and a (41. City in the United States) pie. A pair of (42. Islands in the Pacific) made sweet music for them. They had a bottle of lemonade, but the (43. City in Ireland) was so (44. Islands off Scotland) that it could not be drawn out. Finally it broke, and was pushed into the bottle. (45. Town in Massachusetts) declared that it was a most enjoyable party, and unconsciously they had all learned a lesson in geography.—*The Invalid Lady.*

II.

A RIDDLE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

I with borrowed silver shine,
What you see is none of mine.
First I show you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar,
Then the half and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole;
And true it is I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.

—*Swift.*

III.

CHARADE.

When frost and snow o'erspread the ground,
And chilly blows the air,
My *first* is felt upon the cheek
Of every lovely fair;
In earth's cold bosom lies my *next*—
An object most forlorn,
For often cruelly 'tis used,
And trampled on with scorn;
Amid the dismal shades of night
My *whole* is bright and gay,
Though dark and gloomy it appears,
Exposed to open day.

—*Young Days.*

IV.

CANNED GOODS.

1. A can that is an English Cathedral.
2. A can that is a fabricated story.
3. A can that is frank and sincere.
4. A can that is a rule of the Church.
5. A can which is a little boat.
6. A can which is a bird.
7. A can which gives light.

—*Exchange.*

V.

AN OLD RIDDLE.

A gentleman went to the door of a prison and asked to see a condemned murderer. Being asked if he was a relative of the prisoner, he replied, "That man's father is my father's only son." What relation was he to the prisoner?

VI.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT requires more philosophy than taking things as they come?

Why is a prudent man like a pin?

—*Selected.*

Answers to Puzzles in June Number.

I. Ivanhoe (I-van-hoe).

II. Amherst, Bowdoin, Wesleyan, Brown, Williams, Yale, Dartmouth, Ripon, Oberlin, Bates, Cornell, Smith, Tufts, Indiana, Olivet.

III. Tea-chest (teachest).

IV. Onion (On-i-on).

V. 1. Mendicant (Mend I-cant). 2. When it is expressed. 3. One, the dead one.

A TRAVELLING ADVENTURE IN PALESTINE.

The train stopped at Ramleh for some minutes, and we stepped out on the platform for a smoke.

Leaning idly against a post of the platform and smoking a cigarette stood the tallest man I ever saw outside a circus. My head scarcely came * to his shoulder. He was wrapped in a woollen *abieh;* a blue silk *kafieh,* thickly worked with gold, covered his head and shoulders; and his feet were encased in soft red slippers. Gigantic as the man was, his feet seemed to be unduly large, and were unshapely even to deformity. As I looked at him, he relighted his cigarette, and I saw that he had six perfectly developed fingers on each hand. I was about to call David's attention to the peculiarity, when, turning suddenly, the giant saw us, and saluted the dragoman as an old acquaintance. Before we had time for any talk the bell rang, and we were forced to go back to the train. As we moved out of the station, I looked back once more at the oddly formed native, and, to my surprise, saw another man, almost as tall and also with six fingers, join him.

"Are all the inhabitants of Ramleh like that?" I asked David, pointing out this second man.

"Those two men are brothers," he answered. "They are not of Ramleh, but of Gath. They have come down to-day to receive goods by the train from Jerusalem. They are strange men, and travellers have journeyed all the way to Gath to see them. Their father, who is dead these eight years, was formed as they are; and his father before him. They claim, whether with truth or not, no one knows, to be descended from the giant spoken of in Chronicles."

The dragoman drew out a little pocket Bible—the best Baedeker for Palestine, by the way—which he constantly carried; and, finding the place (1 Chronicles xx. 6), handed the book to me. I read:—

"And yet again there was war at Gath, where was a man of great stature whose fingers and toes were four and twenty; six on each hand and six on each foot" (this, then, explained the large, misshapen feet of the man I had just seen), "and he also was the son of a giant."

"You don't mean to say that these men trace their lineage back to him?"

"They claim to, sir. As far back as men's memories go, the men of this one family have had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot. They have always lived at Gath, and the earliest tradition of their family is that they are descended from the great Philistine you read of a minute ago. It may be true: it may not. The family is rich and has always kept together. Only these two brothers now are left. Neither has any children. Many other families in Gath and Ascalon claim to be descended from the Philistines of old and still call themselves Philistines, just as you saw the sect of Jews in Jerusalem who still call themselves Pharisees, and who attend a separate synagogue where Pharisaical services are held."—"*Syria from the Saddle,*" *page* 305, *Albert Payson Terhune,* 1896.

* The writer is six feet and two inches high.

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

The editor would like to ask a question in regard to the boys mentioned in the "Mothers' Council" who were so troublesome as guests. Did these boys sin or their parents, that they were born blind (and remained blind) to the rights of other persons?

We are all *born* blind in this sense. But no mother and father have the right to raise up a human being to be a nuisance and trial to the rest of the race. A gentle, constant, systematic training in the habit of thinking of the rights of others is the due of every child. Most parents would be very much shocked if they found that a son had a habit of petty larceny. But we have no more right to waste another person's time than we have to pick his pocket.

The aunt who expected her young guests to be at the table at the hours for meals was not so far out of the way. The mistake was only in thinking that a hostess could teach young people a lesson which they had not learned at home. If the mother has neglected this lesson, it cannot be taught by others; and it is better to endure what cannot be cured. But the habit of punctuality is one branch of *honesty;* and it should be so thoroughly learned in early childhood that it would become mechanical in after-life, and cost the boy or girl nothing.

These practical ethics are very important. "Few can save or serve," but all may learn not to be selfishly oblivious of the rights of others.

The subject of visiting leads naturally to travelling. There are many occasions for that self-discipline and training in habits of unselfish thoughtfulness which are so important, yet so uncommon.

For instance, the travelling with a heavy trunk. This has become so serious an evil that guide-books insert a special paragraph in regard to it. A porter may be injured for life by lifting a weight too heavy for him. Yet many persons never seem to think anything of this danger at all.

Every now and then we see paragraphs in regard to the sufferings of horses and their ill-treatment by the cabmen of Paris and in the towns of Italy. Doubtless many persons wish that they could pay the horse instead of the driver. Well, they can do so. If every American who goes to Paris would give *one franc* to the Société Protectrice des Animaux, the society would flourish.

Again, how easy it would be to take one or two copies of the Italian translation of "Black Beauty," and present them to Italian cabmen.

Almost every one, in travelling, is conscious, now and then, of a dissatisfied feeling,—a feeling as if something were wrong. This comes from the fact that in travelling we are apt to be in a self-seeking, pleasure-seeking state. We are made for something better than this. The remedy is to make a point of doing something kind and unselfish, even at a little cost to ourselves; whenever we have the opportunity. Indeed we must *look* for the opportunities; for they are the angels that we entertain, unawares. Think about the tired cab-horse; do something to help the other travellers you meet; give up the corner seat or the lower berth to the older person, who needs it more. Every little thing like this is a chance to invite the maimed and halt to your feast. Then your enjoyment will be real: it will be consecrated and sanctified by the spirit of unselfishness. The great opportunities are few, but the small ones are many. Make use of every one.

L. F. C.

HOME FROM SCHOOL.

Now here I am in the good old place—
  Yes, little mother, I'm here to stay.
Let me hold your hand against my face
  And kiss both cheeks in the dear old way.
Just look at me hard—I'm well and strong;
  Just feel my arms—they'll stand the test;
I'll go to the kitchen where I belong,
  You go to the porch and rest.
Now hear, little mother, you dear little mother,
  Sit under the vines and rest.

I liked my teachers; I liked my books;
  I had my share of the pranks and fun;
But my heart came back to the sweet home nooks,
  And rested with you when the day was done.
I used to think what you had for tea,
  Just what you were doing and how you were dressed;
And somehow or other it seemed to me
  You didn't take half enough rest.
You sly little mother, you spry little mother,
  I'm going to have you rest.

Dear little mother, it brings the tears
  Whenever I think what I've let you do;
You've planned for my pleasure years and years,
  It's time I planned a little for you.
So drop that apron and smooth your hair;
  Read, visit or knit, what suits you best;
Lean back in your chair, let go your care,
  And really and truly rest.
You neat little mother, you sweet little mother,
  Just take a vacation and rest.

—*Eudora S. Bumstead.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

The Italian translation of *Black Beauty* may be obtained by travelers sailing for Italy, by addressing George T. Angell, 19 Milk St., Boston, Mass. 10 cts. a copy, paper.

Please send subscriptions to *Treasurer*, not to the *Editor*.

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Will those who would like to receive such instructions please send requests to Mrs. Ruth Peterson, 37 Ridgemont Street, Allston, Mass.

I have a correspondent who would like to receive the May, 1906, number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, her number having been lost in the San Francisco earthquake. Please write to me for her address. (Miss) L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter.

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